

The most lamentable Tragedie

*Tamora.* Farewell my sonnes, see that you make her sure,  
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeede,  
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:  
Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,  
And let my spleenfull sonnes this Trull defloure.

*Enter Aron, with two of Titus sonnes.*

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,  
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,  
Where I espied the Panther fast a sleepe.

*Quintus.* My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

*Mart.* And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,  
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

*Quin.* What art thou fallen, what subtile hole is this,  
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briars,  
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,  
As fresh as morning dewe distild on flowers,  
A very fatall place it seemes to mee,

Speake brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Martius.* Oh brother, with the dismalst obiekt hurt,  
That euer eie with sight made hart lament.

*Aron.* Now will I fetch, the King to finde them heere,  
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,  
How these were they that made away his brother. *Exit.*

*Martius.* Why doost not comfort me, and helpe me out  
From this vn hollow, and blood stained hole.

*Quintus.* I am surprised with an vncouth feare,  
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,  
My hart suspects more then mine eye can see.

*Mart.* To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,  
*Aron* and thou looke downe into this den,  
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

*Quintus.* *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,  
VVill not permit mine eyes once to behold,  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.

Oh

of Titus Andronicus.

Oh tell me who it is, for nere tell now,  
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

*Martius.* Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,  
All on a heape like to a slaughtred Lambe,  
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.

*Quintus.* If it be darke how doost thou know tis hee.

*Martius.* Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare  
A precious ring, that lightens all this hole:  
VVhich like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthy cheekes,  
And shewes the ragged intrailles of this pit:  
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,  
VVhen he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,  
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,  
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath.  
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,  
As hatefull as *Ocius* mistie mouth.

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,  
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,  
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,  
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:  
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinck,

*Martius.* Nor I no strength to clime without thy helpe.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,  
Till thou art heere a loft, or I below:  
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

*Enter the Emperour, and Aron the Moore.*

*Satur.* Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,  
And what he is that now is leapt into it.  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth.

*Martius.* The vnhappy sonne of old *Andronicus*,  
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To